

DECEMBER

No. 8

15¢ IN CANADA

10¢

CRACK COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL



**THE BLACK
CONDOR**
IN ANOTHER
DYNAMIC
ADVENTURE!

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

THIS
**BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR ONLY **\$7.00**

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER.

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fiber board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Hand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdy built of 1-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-line keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverser; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as good as seven carbons; takes paper 8.5" wide; writes lines 8.7" wide. Black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

1 MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10¢ A DAY**

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small amount will deposit and form as low as 10¢ a day. In fact, this amount will deposit and form as low as 10¢ a day. For this amount, you will have a beautiful desk, a beautiful carrying case, a beautiful typewriter, and a beautiful touch typing book. All for as little as 10¢ a day. There is absolutely no payment of this combination. You make no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 179-52
401 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Method, for as little as 10¢ a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The BLACK CONDOR

by
Kenneth
Lewis

OUT OF THE SKY
SWOOPS THE ONLY
FLYING MAN IN THE
WORLD, TO COMBAT
THE MENACE OF
THE THINKING
MACHINES.

ITS DEADLY
ROTATOR SPINNING
DESTRUCTION, A GROTESQUE
MACHINE SHOOTS THROUGH
THE CITY.

THE BLACK CONDOR IS BARELY
MISSSED BY THE WHIRLING BLADES

THE MECHANICAL MONSTER
CIRCLES BACK TO ATTACK, ITS
CLAWS OUTSTRETCHED.

BUT THE CONDOR
SIDESLIPS.

THAT WAS
CLOSE!

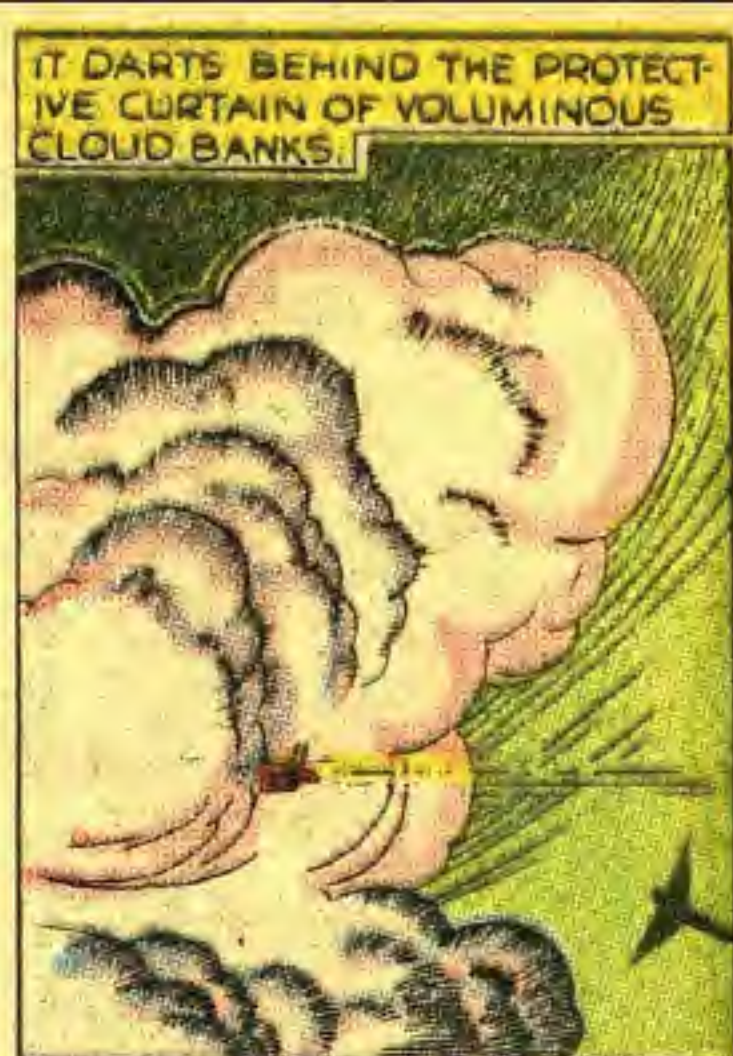




I CAN'T LET THIS DESTRUCTION GO ON...



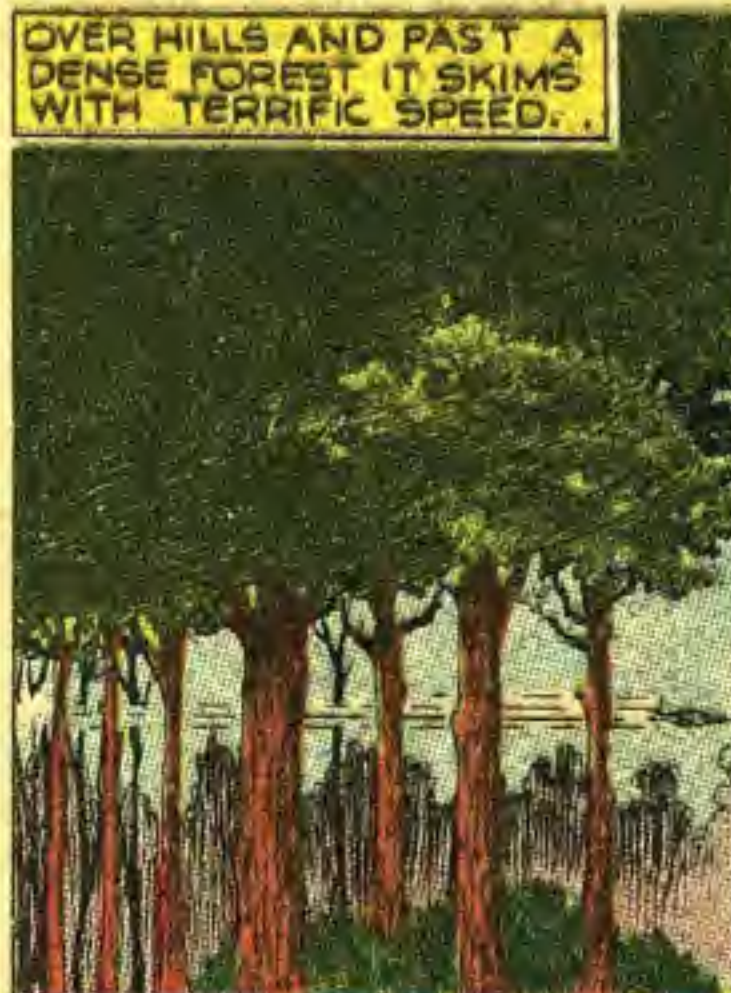
THE BLACK CONDOR FIRES HIS DEADLY BLACK RAY, BUT THE MACHINE IS TOO FAST.



IT DARTS BEHIND THE PROTECTIVE CURTAIN OF VOLUMINOUS CLOUD BANKS.



THE BEETLE-LIKE MACHINE SWEEPS AWAY FROM THE CITY



OVER HILLS AND PAST A DENSE FOREST IT SKIMS WITH TERRIFIC SPEED.



ITS DESTINATION IS AN OLD TUMBLEDOWN FARM HOUSE WHICH SEEMS LONG IN DISUSE.



BUT BEHIND THE HOUSE A SMOOTH RUNWAY LEADS TO A SMALL HILL THAT REVEALS A SECRET ENTRANCE AS THE MACHINE APPROACHES.



INSIDE, THREE MEN WAIT.

FINE! IT RETURNED ON TIME!

YES, BUT DID IT WORK SUCCESSFULLY?



WE SHALL SOON SEE.. THIS IS MY GREAT INVENTION'S FIRST TEST! IT WILL TELL ITS OWN STORY!

HOW'S THAT, LUNG WOE?



PATIENCE, MY OCCIDENTAL FRIENDS, WHILE I EXTRICATE THIS ROLL OF FILM.



HERE IS A RECORD OF THE DEEDS OF THE 'SPINNING DEATH' MACHINE!



THE MACHINE TAKES PICTURES AS IT TRAVELS... AND THEY AUTOMATICALLY ARE DEVELOPED WITHIN ITS SHELL!



AH! GREAT IS THE DESTRUCTION THE 'SPINNING DEATH' HAS WROUGHT! IT IS INDEED A SUCCESS!

LET ME SEE!



MARVELOUS! WONDERFUL! LUNG WOE, MY COUNTRY IS PREPARED TO PAY HIGHLY FOR YOUR MACHINE!



HERE, GENTLEMEN, ARE THE PLANS! YOU WILL FIND THEM DIFFICULT, BUT COMPREHENSIVE. ONE THING MORE...



LET ME WARN YOU, EVEN I, THE INVENTOR, DON'T KNOW THE FULL POWER OF MY MACHINE. IT ALMOST THINKS! IT MAY TURN AGAINST YOU!



HA! YOU HAVE WORKED TOO HARD, LUNG WOE... YOUR MIND IS WEAKENING... HA-HA! A MACHINE THAT THINKS! HO!HO!HO!



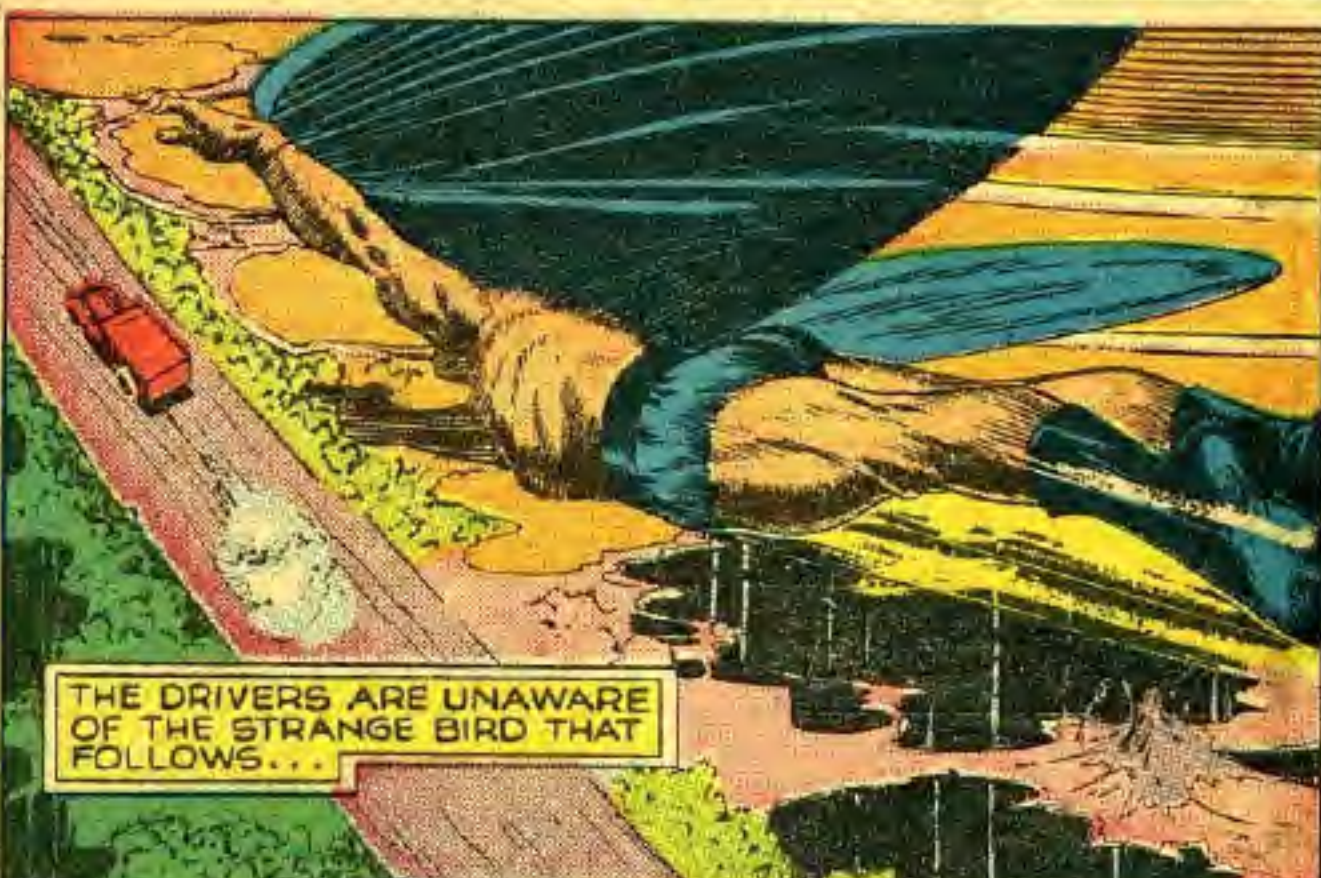
BELIEVE AS YOU WISH! THE 'SPINNING DEATH' IS YOURS NOW, TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE!

YOU MAY BE SURE WE'LL EXPLOIT IT TO ITS GREATEST CAPACITY!

THE FOREIGN AGENTS LOAD THE MACHINE INTO A WAITING TRUCK.



AS THE TRUCK THUNDERS ALONG THE ROAD, THE BLACK CONDOR WATCHES FROM ABOVE.



THE BLACK RAY STRIKES!!



THE TRUCK CAREENS OFF THE ROAD AND PLUNGES INTO A SWAMP.



SUDDENLY A WHIRRING SOUND IS HEARD. THE METAL SIDE TEARS OPEN AND THE "SPINNING DEATH" BREAKS THROUGH...





WHAT HIT US?
AND WHAT'S
MAKING ALL
THAT NOISE?



T-THE MACHINE?
I-IT'S COMING
TOWARD US!



IT'S CHASING US!
LUNG WOE WAS
RIGHT! RUN!



INTO THE DEEP
SWAMP, THE
AGENTS ARE
FLUNG.



SWIFTLY, THE BLACK CONDOR
DIVES.



BUT THE MACHINE CUTS
THROUGH A CIRCLE OF
HUGE TREES.



THE GREAT TRUNKS CRASH
TOGETHER AS THE CONDOR
SWOOPS AMONG THEM.



TRAPPED! BY
THAT DIABOLICALLY
CLEVER MONSTER!



AND MY BLACK
RAY LOST IN
THE SWAMPS!



BACK TO THE INVENTOR'S HOUSE SPEEDS THE MACHINE.

LUNG WOE WATCHES IN GROWING TERROR AS HIS MACHINE HEADS HOMeward.



IT KNOWS IT IS FREE! THE SPINNING DEATH IS ACTING BY ITS OWN WILL!



IT COMES FOR ITS OWN MAKER!



OH, WHAT EVIL SPIRIT TOLD ME TO INVENT THIS MONSTER?!

SEIZED IN ITS STEEL CLAWS, LUNG WOE IS DRAGGED TO THE ANCIENT WELL.



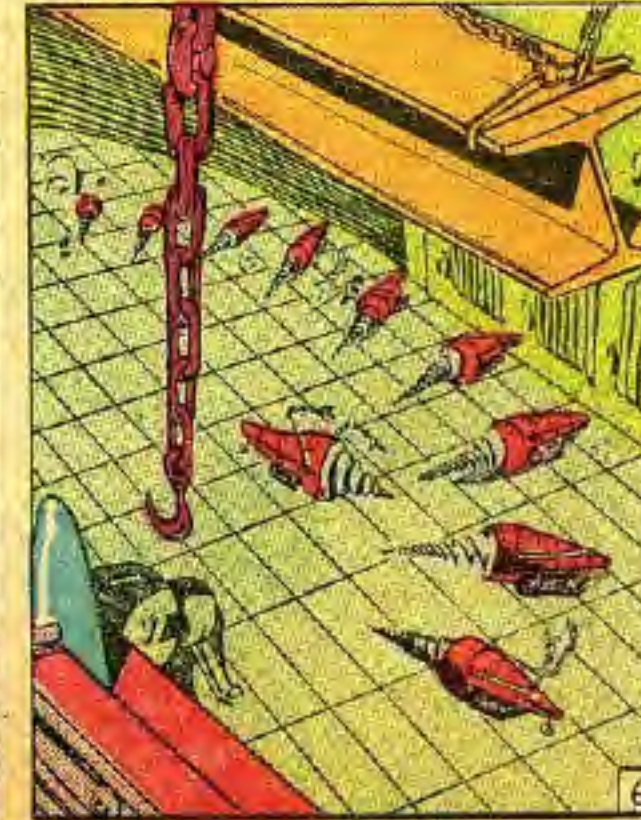
AND TOSSED IN.



BACK TO LUNG WOE'S LABORATORY HASTENS THE MACHINE WITH DEMONIC SPEED.



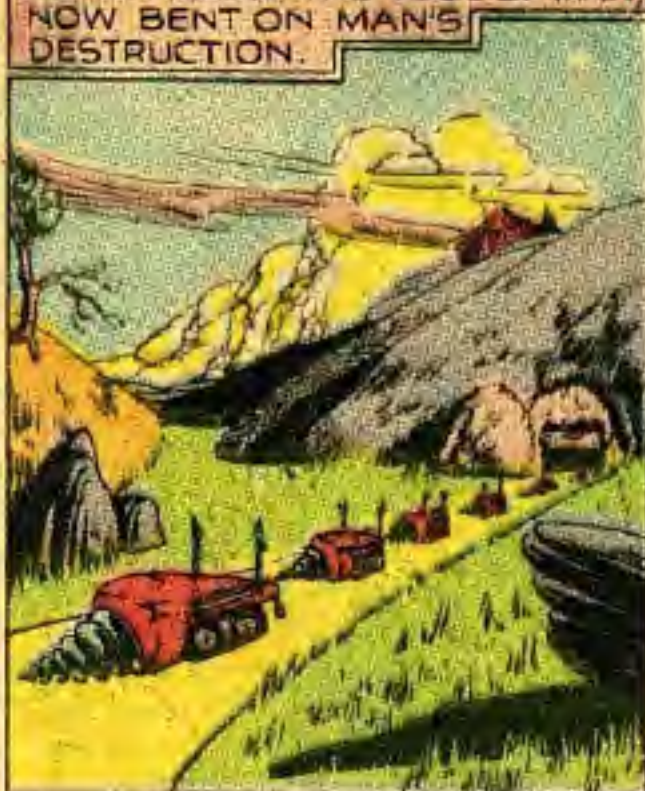
IT MANUFACTURES A FLEET OF SPINNERS LIKE ITSELF.



SOON THEY STAND READY TO TAKE ORDERS FROM THE MASTER MACHINE.



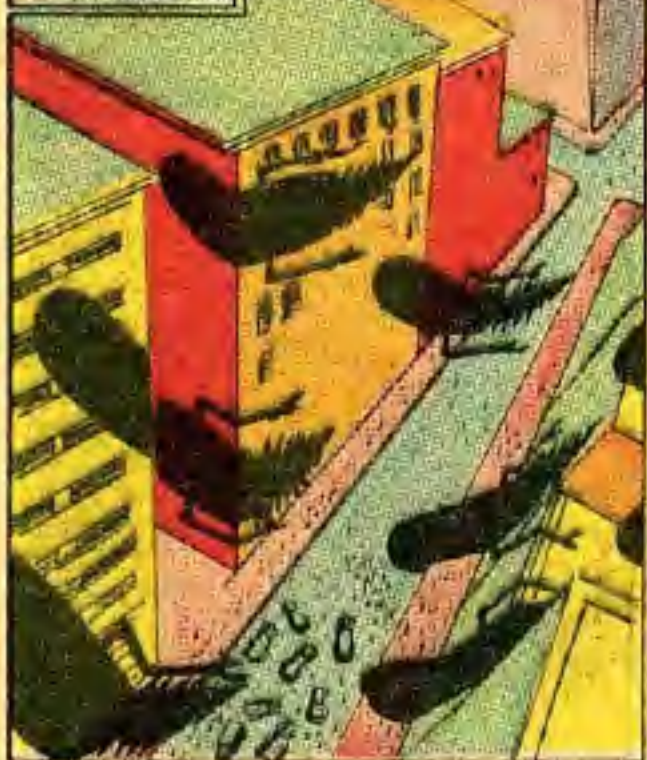
THE MONSTROUS PROCESSION MOVES ALONG THE COUNTRY ROAD, ONCE THE TOOL OF MAN, NOW BENT ON MAN'S DESTRUCTION.



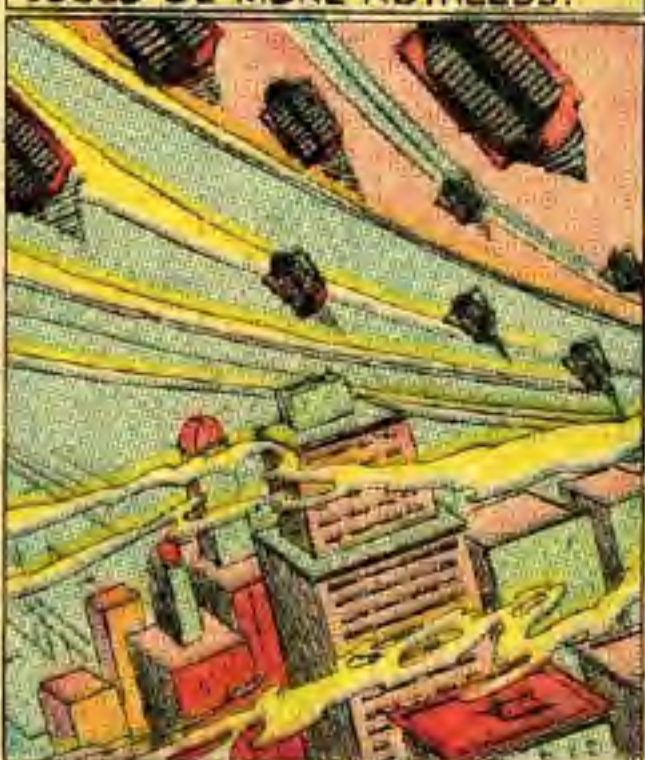
AT A SIGNAL FROM THE LEADER THEY RISE IN PERFECT FORMATION TO THE SKIES.



HORRIFIED, THE PEOPLE STAND IN AWE AT THIS STRANGE INVASION.



MACHINES THAT CAN THINK, BUT HAVE NO HEART! NO FOE COULD BE MORE RUTHLESS.



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK CONDOR IS STILL IMPRISONED IN THE SWAMP.



FREE AGAIN, THE BLACK CONDOR SHOOTS UPWARD.





HE SAILS
BACK TO
LUNG WOE'S
HOUSE.



WHAT
WAS THAT?
A CRY FROM
THE OLD
WELL?



LUNG WOE'S VOICE RISES
FEEBLY FROM THE DEPTHS.

HELP!
HELP!



THE CONDOR DROPS DOWN
THE NARROW SHAFT.

AN OLD
CHINESE!



THIS DANK HOLE IS
NOT A HEALTHY
PLACE FOR ANYONE!



HE'S TERRIBLY
WEAK, TRYING
TO SAY
SOMETHING!

THE
"SPINNING
DEATH"
MACHINE...



MUST BE
DESTROYED...
THE POINT OF
THE ROTATOR
IS THE ONLY
VULNERABLE
SPOT...!...!
..OH!

HE'S
DEAD!



BUT I WILL
CARRY OUT HIS
LAST WISH
ALL RIGHT!

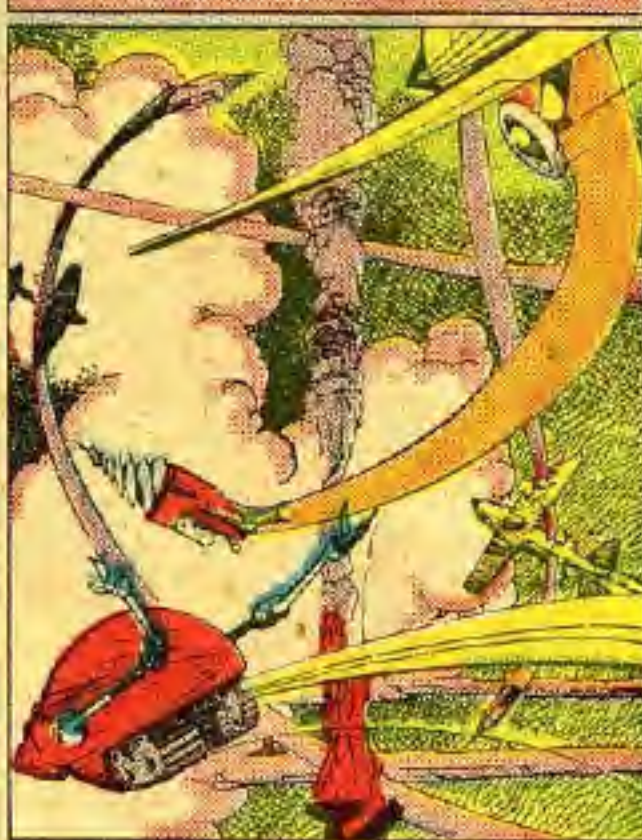


ALREADY THE CITY IS FALLING IN RUINS
THOUSANDS DIE.. PANIC RULES, . . .

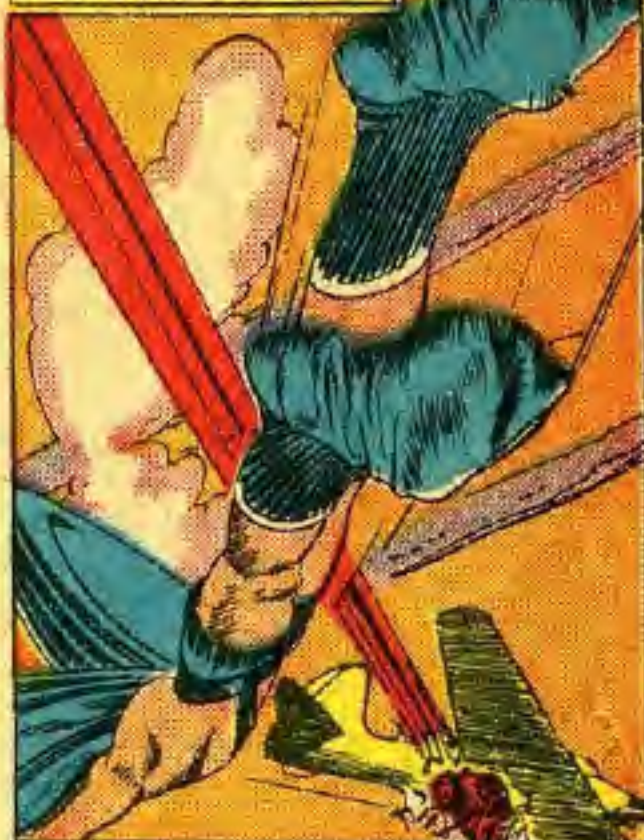
IN VAIN, THE ARMY SENDS UP
PLAINS TO BATTLE.



THEY ARE EASILY CUT DOWN
ON THE WHIRLING ROTATORS.



THE BLACK CONDOR
JOINS THE FRAY.



HE DIVES AROUND THE TORN
AND TWISTED BUILDINGS.....



THE POINT
OF THE
ROTATOR,
EH?



A BLAST OF THE BLACK RAY...



AND THE "SPINNING DEATH"
MELTS. A HELPLESS MASS
OF MOLTEN METAL.



VICTORIOUS, THE BLACK CONDOR
SOARS ABOVE THE ARMY
PLANES.



THANKS,
BLACK
CONDOR...
YOU'VE
SAVED
MILLIONS
OF LIVES!



MOLLY the MODEL

I CASH
CLO'S
OF
CLO'S!



HELLO
MOLLY!

OH, DANNY—
THOSE
CLOTHES!



THESE CLOTHES?
OH, I GUESS THEY
ARE A LITTLE
OLD...

A
LITTLE
OLD?
THEY'RE
ANCIENT!



WE'RE GOING TO GET
YOU SOME NEW ONES
RIGHT NOW—
YOU LOOK
LIKE A RAS-
PICKED!



THIS GENTLEMAN WANTS
A COMPLETE NEW
OUTFIT OF
CLOTHES!

YES,
M'AM!



THERE HE ARE—
FIVE SUIT, SHIRT
TIE
SHOES!

DANNY,
YOU LOOK
STUNNING!



THE OLD
CLOTHES...
WILL YOU
TAKE
THEM?

GOODNESS
NO—
THROW
'EM
AWAY!



IS THAT
DAME
LOOKING
AT
DANNY?



OH,
MADIE!
ISN'T
HE
CUTE?

I
THINK
HE'S
GRAND!

HEH—
WHAT
A
SNAPPY
DRESSER!

A REAL
BEAU
BRUNNEL!



WE'RE GOING
RIGHT BACK
TO THAT
STORE!

HUH?
BUT
WHY?



THE OLD
CLOTHES?
ER—YES,
I DARE
SAY THEY
CAN BE
FOUND!

WELL,
WE WANT
THEM BACK,
RIGHT
AWAY!



BUT MOLLY, WHEN
AM I GONNA WEAR
ALL THE NEW
CLOTHES?

AFTER
YOU'RE
MARRIED
TO ME,
DEAR!

MOLLY THE MODEL

MALONEY FOR ALDERMAN



More of Molly The Model in the January issue—on sale November 29th.

OFF THE RECORD

By ED REED



BOYS! MYSTIFY YOUR FRIENDS
WITH UNCANNY FEATS OF CHEMISTRY

GILBERT

No. 6A Double Feature
Desk Type Laboratory

Excitation Chemistry Laboratory and Glass Blowing Circle in big blue wooden cabinet. Five feet of test tube racks and shelf room. 32 pieces of chemicals and apparatus. Two books describing over 400 exciting experiments. Complete with sturdy corrugated cardboard desk, \$4.95. Without desk, \$3.49. Other Gilbert Chemistry Sets \$1.50 to \$15.00. See them at your nearest toy store.

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ON THE EARTH, FAR FROM THE WADSWORTH LABORATORY, ANOTHER SWITCH IS THROWN.



A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY BLANKETS THE EARTH, GRIPPING ITS INHABITANTS IN AN UNCANNY PARALYSIS.



COUNTLESS VEHICLES AND STRATOSPHERE MACHINES PILE INTO EACH OTHER, OUT OF CONTROL...



HA! HA! I NOW HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD IN MY GRASP! I CONTROL THE DESTINY OF MAN.. I CAN RELEASE HIM FROM THIS STATE, OR CONDEMN HIM TO DEATH!

YES, VENDROME!

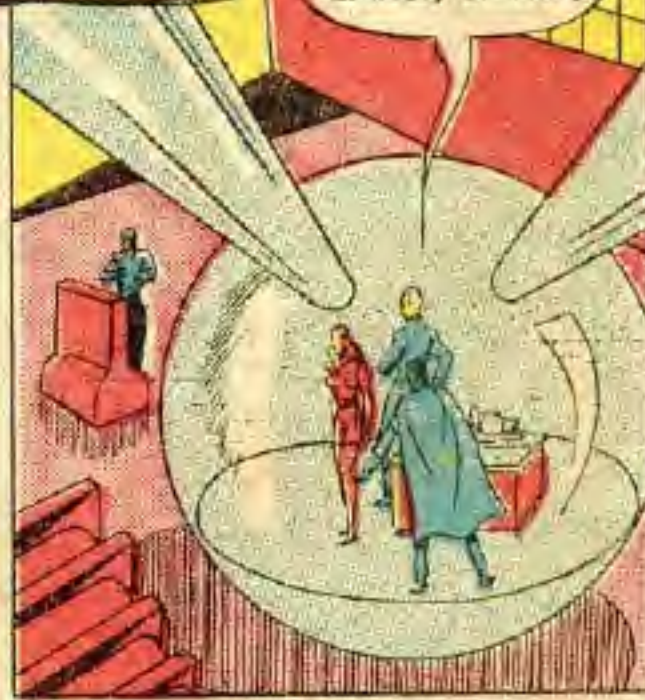


BUT, WAIT! SOMEWHERE THERE IS AN INTERFERENCE... MY FIELD IS BROKEN... SOMEONE HAS ESCAPED!



IN WADSWORTH'S LABORATORY...

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? CARL! CARL!



HE'S PARALYZED! HE CAN'T RELEASE US.. I'LL BLAST OUR WAY OUT!

NO! WAIT... IF WE STEP OUT OF THIS GLOBE, WE'LL BECOME LIKE HIM!



AFTER HOURS OF PAINSTAKING LABOR...

IF THESE NEUTRALIZERS DON'T WORK, WE ARE DOOMED... BLAST AWAY, ROCK!





BUT LITTLE DOES ROCK KNOW THAT THE CREATOR OF THE ELECTRO-ANALYSIS WAVE IS ABOARD THE ROCKET FLYER...



AN ELECTRONIC BOLT SPLITS THE BUILDING APART!



VENDROME LANDS... WADSWORTH AND HIS DAUGHTER ARE TAKEN PRISONERS...



ELAINE! THEY'VE GONE! I GUESS THEY LEFT ME FOR DEAD!





CRASHING THROUGH A WINDOW, ROCK DIVES AT THE GUARDS.



HIS FLYING FISTS HIT WITH THE FORCE OF A RAY GUN.



ROCK BREAKS THROUGH...AND ON TO VENDROME'S WELL GUARDED LABORATORY...



VENDROME WHIPS OUT A RAY PISTOL AND TAKES AIM, BUT..



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, BRADDON HURLS VENDROME INTO HIS OWN MACHINE!



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ELECTRO-PARALYSIS MACHINE BRINGS HUMANITY BACK TO LIFE...



Read Rock Braddon of The Space Legion each month in CRACK COMICS.

MADAM FATAL

Art by [Signature]



A GROUP OF MEN TOIL THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT OFF BLEAK ISLAND IN AN EFFORT TO SALVAGE PROFESSOR CRANE'S WRECKED YACHT, "THE REX".



THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

ME TOO!



SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT IS BROKEN BY A BARK CHOCING SOUND.



IN THE GLOOMY NIGHT THEY SEE A MONSTROUS SHADE DRIFTING TOWARD THEM IN A ROWBOAT.



IT'S A SEA GHOST!

IT'S COMIN' AFTER US!

BOOH! IT LOOKS LIKE AN APEMAN!



AND AS THE FRIGHT COMES NEARER THE BOAT SINKS.



HAA-HA! AFTER THIS NO ONE WILL WORK FOR CRANE - THE MISTERY OF THE REX WILL BE BURIED FOREVER!



THE NEXT DAY FINDS EDWARD STANTON ALONE INHABITING A VINTAGE BOAT ON BLEAK ISLAND.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRAIL CRANE'S BOATSTANT?

RIGHT, SIR!



THE MASTERS EAGER TO SEE YOU MR. STANTON!

I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OLD BOY'S MIND!



AS STRATTON FOLLOWS FOR BREATH-
AS ACCIDENTAL NADAM A GETTING



WHEN! HE'S GONE—
I'M BEGINNING TO
BELIEVE THAT APEMAN
WASN'T MYSELF!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THE FORMULA AND
CASH GONE! WHO
COULD HAVE
REACHED THE
REX BEFORE US?



IT
MIGHT
BE
DOCTOR
PROML,
SIR!

...HE LIVES ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE ISLAND... RATHER
MYSTERIOUSLY LOOKING...
NO ONE KNOWS HIS
BUSINESS—HE MIGHT
BE A SPY, SIR!



NONSENSE,
TRAG—YOU'VE
BEEN READING
TOO MANY CRIME
MAGAZINES!

THE NEXT MORNING STRATTON DOES
HIS DISGUISE OF MADAM FATAL...



GUESS I'LL
CALL ON
PROML...
CAN'T
OVERLOOK
ANYTHING!

LEAVING BY A REAR DOOR, MADAM
FATAL SETS OUT INTO THE WOODS...



THAT MUST
BE IT—IT'S THE
ONLY HOUSE
ON THIS SIDE
OF THE ISLAND!

DON'T MOVE!
WHAT THE—?
AN OLD
LADY!

SNOOPING, EH?
I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SPY ON DOCTOR
PROML!



IF YOU'RE
PROML,
WHY THE
HUSH?

IN ANSWER "DR. PROML" LUNGES
VIOLENTLY AT MADAM FATAL...



AS MADAM FATAL STEPS BACKWARD
THE GROUND BENEATH HER GIVES
WAY AND SHE FALLS INTO A
CLEVERLY CONCEALED PIT...



HEH-HEH! THAT'LL
PUT YOU OUT OF
THE WAY FOR
A WHILE!



I WONDER IF THAT REALLY
WAS PROML—AND WHY WAS HE
MASHED... HMM... THIS MAZE
IS GETTING DEEPER AND
DEEPER... BUT I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE!





BEFORE THIS CAN FIRE, TWO
MAGNIFICENT ARMS ENVELOP HIM.



HELP! ... FROWL ... HELL
WILL ME!



ALL RIGHT,
THOR—OUT IN
DOWN. THE
GENTLEMAN
DOESN'T LIKE
HIGH ALTITUDES!



THOR BLEW OPEN THE SAFE AND
STOLE ITS CONTENTS BEFORE THE
REX DANK. SINCE YOU AND HE WERE
THE ONLY SURVIVORS, HE KNEW YOU'D
FIND OUT WHEN YOU LOCATED THE
WRECKAGE! SO HE DRESSED UP
THOR AS A GHOST AND
SCARED THE DIVERS AWAY!



I'M CERTAINLY
GLAD YOU
SUCCEEDED IN
MAKING THAT
SERVANT OF
YOURS OBEY
YOU AT THE
RIGHT MOMENT,
FROWL!



THOR BECAME
FRIENDLY
WITH THOR
WHEN I WAS
AWAY. LET'S
EASY TO
HANDLE ONCE
YOU KNOW
HIM!



WELL—I'VE NEVER WANTED
TO BE SO FRIENDLY
WITH A
FELLOW IN
MY
LIFE!



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\$2

FOR THE
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easy, foolproof, simple and cheap than any other
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WORKS THE WAY FAMOUS GORDON PRESS AND STANDARD TYPE
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bright, and a perfect after the manner of best quality.
PRINTING IS FUN AND PAY!

NEW ONE-MAN SHOP COMES
COMPLETE

Including automatically built, ALL-STEEL
press, mechanical feeding roller, 2 1/2" x 5 1/2"
steel type case, 100-yr. set of 10 pt. Copper-
plate Gothic type, in and em quads, thin
spacers, riggers, lock-up screws, ink, paper
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ACCESSORIES

Extra Type, 10 pt. Gothic, 100-yr. set, \$1.00
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Let TITTLE MAN

Printing Press with Accessories

100-yr. set of 10 pt. Gothic

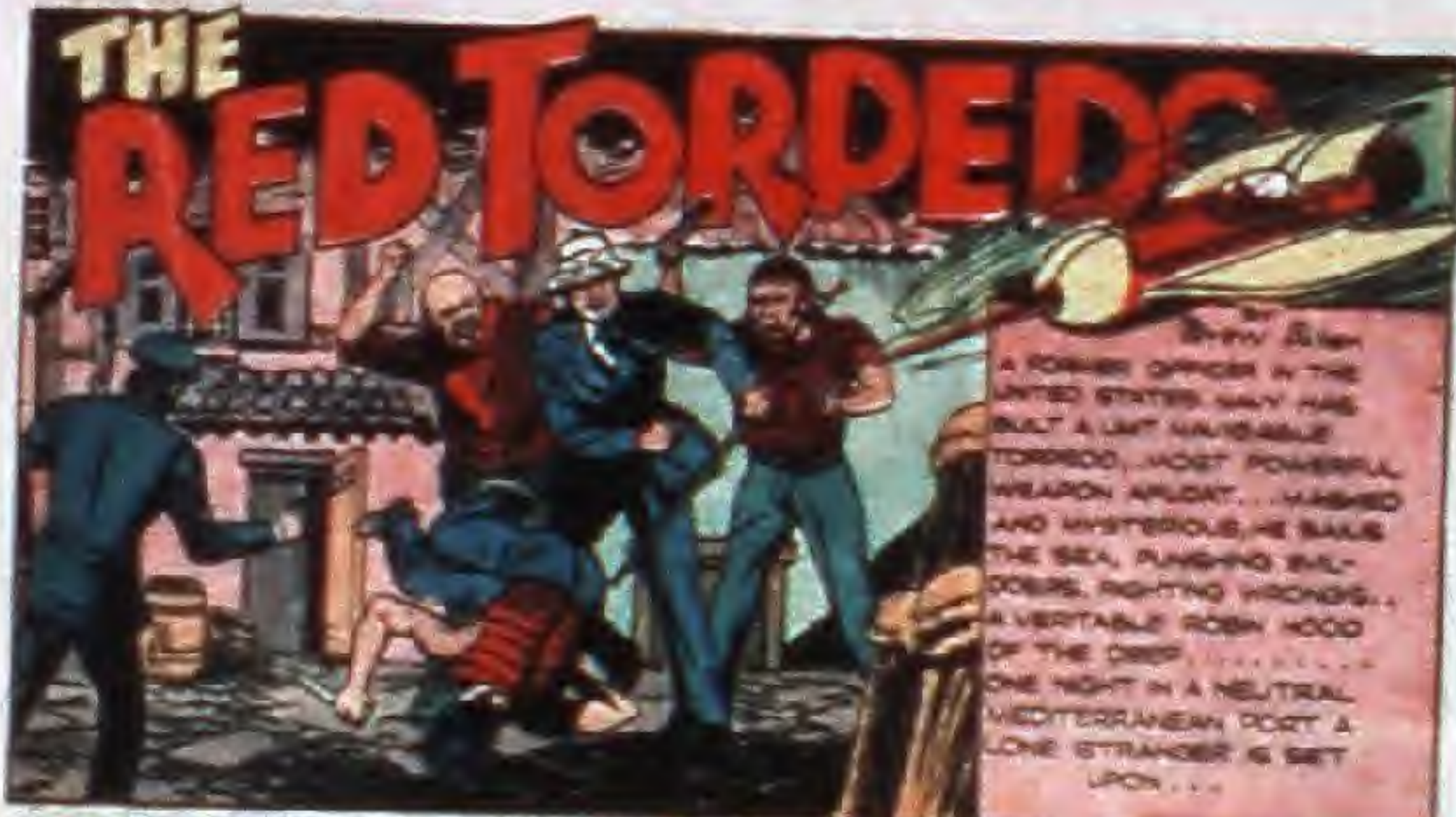
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City _____ State _____

PECK BROTHERS 100 WABURN AVE
MT. CARMEL, OHIO

THE RED TORPEDO



By **EDDY JEN**
A FORMER OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY HAS BUILT A LATEST NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFOAT. . . DARING AND MYSTERIOUS, HE SALES THE SEA, PUNISHING EVIL-DOERS, RIGHTING WRONGS. . . A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. . . ONE NIGHT IN A NEUTRAL MEDITERRANEAN PORT A LONE STRANGER IS SET UPON. . .



ONCE INSIDE, A HOT DRINK AND WARM BLANKETS REVIVE THE DYING MAN



HERE, SWALLOW THIS... QUICK!



LISTEN... I CAN'T LAST LONG... I AM CAPTAIN ADRIAN OF THE LOCAL BRITISH INTELLIGENCE... TWO DAYS AGO...



MY AGENTS BROUGHT ME NEWS THAT IS VITAL TO ENGLAND...



BUT WE WERE BETRAYED... THE NAZIS SEIZED ONE OF MY GROUP, A VERY YOUNG GIRL...



UNDER TORTURE, SHE REVEALED MY NAME...



I WAS WAITING FOR A BOAT TO TAKE ME OFF WHEN I WAS ATTACKED...



NAZI... GUESS WILL ATTACK PLANE CARRIER 'GLORY'... NOW IN... HARBOR... MUST GET...

WORD... TO...



HE'S GONE! AND HIS MESSAGE WITH HIM... I'LL HAVE TO CARRY ON ALONE!

THE RED TORPEDO REMEMBERS HIS OLD ENEMY THE BLACK SHARK AND REALIZES THAT NOW HE CAN USE HIM.



THE SHARK'S SUBMARINE CAN LIE AN IMPENETRABLE UNDER-WATER OIL SCREEN. I'LL CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL THAT'LL BRING HIM AROUND QUICK!



CALLING THE BLACK SHARK WHEREVER YOU ARE... I DARE YOU TO FIGHT ME!



THE CHALLENGE IS PICKED UP!

SO HE WANTS TO FIGHT? I'LL FIGHT HIM THIS TIME!

THE SHARK SPEEDS TO THE POINT OF MEETING

THE SUBMARINE DUELISTS CHARGE BARGE AT EACH OTHER

AT LAST, THE RED TORPEDO LAYS THE SHARK HELD TENSELY AGAINST A REEF.



COME ON OUT AND WE'LL FINISH IT! HAND-TO-HAND!

O.K., SHARK, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



NOW, LISTEN! I'M TALKING YOU ON A MISSION. WHEN I SIGNAL, RELEASE YOUR OIL SCREEN... ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE AN OYSTER SHELL. REMEMBER, I'LL BE RIGHT BESIDE YOU!



THE TWO START FOR THE LOCATION OF THE "GLORY"

UN SUSPECTING "THE GLORY" DROPS AN ANCHOR IN THE NEUTRAL HARBOR



WHILE IN A SECRET NAZI BASE, THE LEADER'S MEN PREPARE TO VIOLATE THAT NEUTRALITY.



ALL IS READY. SUBMARINES U-7 AND U-12 ARRIVE TONIGHT!

ACHTUNG! THERE SHE IS... SIGNAL U-12 THAT WE ATTACK!



SUDDENLY A DENSE BLACK CLOUD OF OIL OBSCURES THE GLORY'S HULL



AND ENVELOPES THE APPROACHING SUBMARINES



WELL, WELL! I TOLD YOU TO ATTACK! HOW DARE YOU TO DELAY!



PARDON, HERE SCHAFT... THE TARGET IS OBSCURED!

HERE SCHAFT, A RADIO FROM U-12... IT CANNOT SEE TO ATTACK!



ACHTUNG! RISE TO SURFACE!

AND NOW THE RED TORPEDO
RELEASES THE SHARK...



HERE'S WHERE I
SETTLE WITH
THOSE TWO
SUBMARINES!



TO ESCAPE THE OIL SCREEN,
THE U-12 RISES TO THE
SURFACE...



WHERE IT IS SPOTTED AT ONCE
BY A BRITISH DESTROYER



AHOY! ENEMY
SUB ON OUR
STARBOARD

THE DESTROYER AND A PLANE
FROM THE GLORY GO INTO
INSTANT ACTION...



IN A FEW MINUTES IT'S ALL
OVER WITH THE U-12...

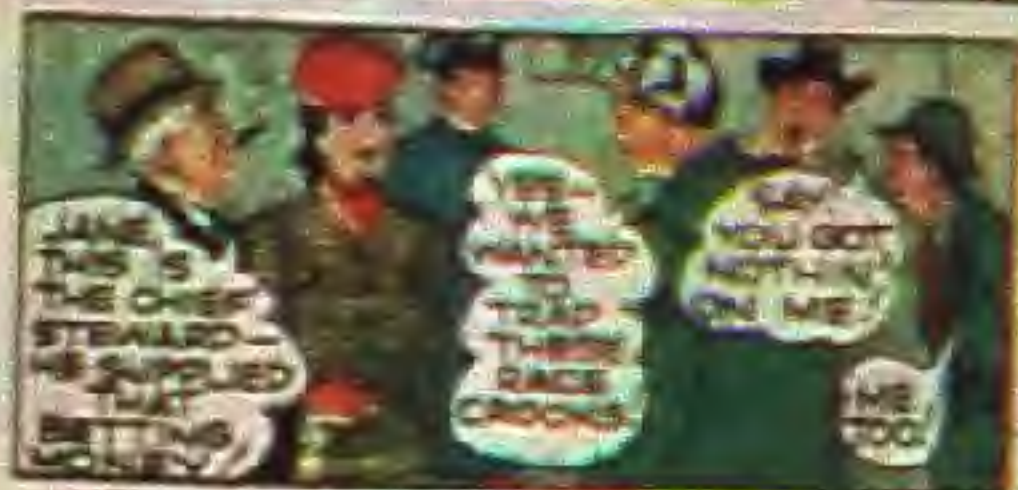


WELL, THE GLORY IS
SAFE FOR THE PRESENT!
RULE BRITANNIA!



Follow The Red Torpedo in the January issue of CRACK COMICS.







JANE ARDEN



Jane Arden is continued in the January issue—on sale November 29th.

Alias Spider

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON

IT IS A MID-WESTERN BANK. A GROUP OF MEN ENTER... ONE CARRIES A MOVIE CAMERA.



THERE IS A SHOUTED COMMAND.

EVERYBODY SALT YOUR TRAPS AND STAND STILL... THAT'S A REAL STOCK-UP!



HEY! YOU CAN'T ROB THIS BANK! MY DADDY HAS MONEY IN IT!!

YEAH?



HEY! FLICK! GRAB THAT KID... WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!



AND THUS USING THE BOY THE ROBBERS GET AWAY WITH \$100,000...



DURING THE NEXT WEEK MANY NEWSPAPERS CARRY A VERY STARTLING KIND OF HEADLINE.



WHILE IN THE BANDITS' CAR...

MISTER MIKE—DO WE HADTA TAKE THAT LAST SCENE OVER AGAIN?

YEP! AFRAID WE WILL BOBBY!

CHANGE TH KIDS OUTFIT, SPUD!



SHUCKS! I WISH I COULD ACT BETTER—AND NOT MAKE SO MANY MISTAKES... IT MUST COST YOU A LOT FOR FILM... W-WELL, I'LL TRY TOO BETTER.



AS THE BANK ROBBERIES CONTINUE, A BLACK OBJECT NOW BURNS UP THE ROAD FROM THE WEST... IT'S THE BLACK WIDOW!



AND STEERING IT IS THE ACE CRIME DESTROYER...



PRETTY CLEVER OF THOSE CROOKS... USING THAT POOR KID AS A MOVIE "FRONT" TO FOOL THE POLICE INTO NOT SHOOTING AT THEM...



WITH NIGHT FALLING, THE BLACK WIDOW ROARS INTO RIDGEWOOD UTAH... THE SCENE OF THE LAST BANK STICK-UP...



IN WHAT IS THAT ???

STOP SPUTTERING, DAD... AND TELL ME WHICH WAY THOSE ROBBERS FLED!



T-THAT WAY... IN A SEDAN!

A SUDDEN BOAT THEN ZING! THE BLACK WIDOW STREAKS OUT OF RIDGEWOOD...



NOW... B-BOSH!

LATER THE BANK ROBBERIES TRAIL AGAIN LEADS THE SPIDER BACK TO THE TOWN OF RIDGEWOOD!



WHY... THEY'RE GOING RIGHT BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM / THEY'RE GOING TO PULL THE OLD TRICK OF HIDING RIGHT UNDER THE NOSES OF THE POLICE... WE'LL SEE...



CONFOUND YOU, YOU WILD BED-BUS / WHY DON'TCHA LOOK WHERE YER RUNNIN' THAT CRATE, DRIVER?



COOL DOWN, OLD TIMER... HERE'S \$50... KEEP QUIET ABOUT SEEING MY CAR HERE...



Y GIT'CHA FRIEND, OKAY!

9946





NOW, POP... I'M GOING UP TO THE ROOF... YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP HIDDEN SO ONE OF THEIR SHOTS DON'T NICK YOU!



LOOK! HE'S ON THE ROOF!

KEEP SHOOTIN' I'M GOIN' AFTER TH' KID!



HEY! LISTEN, YOU BIRDS—I'VE BEEN PLAYING TILL NOW— BUT FROM NOW ON, I MEAN BUSINESS!!



GOOD GOSH! THEY'RE DRAGGING OUT THAT LITTLE BOY! I GET IT....



OKAY SPIDER! LET'S SEE YER FANCY SHOOTIN' NOW!

THEY'RE REAL ROBBERS!



BUT LITTLE DOES THE ROBBER REALIZE HOW DEADLY THE SPIDER'S AIM IS... THE OLD TIMER SENDS IN A SECOND OLD SHOT...



BOTH SHOTS SCORE... THE THUG DIES INSTANTLY...



C'MON, SON— RUN! RUN!



THE TWO REMAINING MURDERERS HURRY FLEE LEAVING THE BOY...



OHMY... I THOUGHT I ALRIGHT WHEN WE WERE MAKIN' MOVIES IN THE BANKS... NOT ROBBIN' THEM!

NOW HURRY... WE'RE TAKING A RIDE!



LEAVING THE OLD TIMER TO LOOK AFTER THE HOUSE BOY THE SPIDER TAKES AFTER THE FLEEING THIEF.



THE SPIDER AND HIS QUARRY TUMBLE CRAZILY DOWN A STEEP HILLSIDE... THEY CRASH INTO THE SECOND SURPRISED HOODLUM WHO IS ESCAPING.



LATER... THE OLD TIMER HAS BROUGHT THE STUNNED ROBBERS INTO THE SURPRISED SHERIFF.



LEE Preston

THE RED CROSS

By Terrence
Macaulay



OUT OF THE WEST THE FIRST
BLUE UNITED SPEEDS TO HIS
NEXT STOP



SUDDENLY ROUNDING A CURVE
THE STARTLED ENGINE SEES
ANOTHER TRAIN



A SECOND LATER THE TRAINS
MEET WITH A FEARFUL IMPACT



A SHORT TIME LATER LEE IS
ASKED TO RUSH MEDICAL
SUPPLIES TO THE DISASTER



LOSING NO TIME, LEE PRESTON IS
SOON IN THE AIR



QUICKLY SHE REACHES THE
SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT





HEADING THE OLD IN BOAT WITH
HER LANDING LIGHTS
HE FOLLOWS CLOSELY



THE CAR PULLS UP AT
THE DOCK

OH! THEY'RE
TRANSFERING TO
A SPEED-BOAT!



AGAIN LEE FOLLOWS THE THE
ONED WATER. SUDDENLY HER
MOTOR COMES OUT



SUCCESSFULLY LEE TRANSFERS THE
PLANE INTO THE WATER

DARN IT! I'LL
LOSE THEM
NOW!



BUT LEE IS MISTAKEN...

SWING AROUND AND
PICK THAT PILOT UP...
I WANT NO
WITNESSES!



THE CAPTURE IS QUICKLY EFFECTED,
AND THE BOAT CONTINUES
ON ITS WAY

HEY BOSS!
THE'S A GIRL!

WHAT?!



MEANWHILE, RICK SEARCHES
IN VAIN...

THEY'VE GOT LEE
TOO! I'VE GOT TO
FIND THEM AND
SAVE HER!



BUT HOURS
STRETCH
INTO DAYS
AS AN
AROUNDED
COUNTRY
SIDE
JONG
IN THE
SEARCH.
RICK,
BELIEVING
THEM
HIDDEN
NEARBY
HUNTS
NESSANT

AM GOING TO
LOOK AROUND
THE BLUE OHL
AGAIN!



PUTTING THOUGHT INTO ACTION
RICK LEAVES IN A FAST PURSUIT
PLANE.



IN THE MEANTIME, LEE, IN THE HANDS OF THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS, HAS BEEN SHIPPED TO A NEW PRISON.



SETTING THE ROCKET UP, LEE AIMS AT THE FREEDOM-BARRING DOOR.



WITH A SHOCK, THE POWERFUL ROCKET TEARS THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE ROCKET IN ITS WILD FLIGHT NARROWLY MISSES RICK'S PLANE.



HE SPRAYS THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS.



QUICKLY RICK LANDS.



AT THAT MOMENT A RADIO CAR, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOTS, RUSHES UP.



AND THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE GANG ARE QUICKLY ROUNDED UP.



GREAT WORK, LEE, AND YOU'RE GREAT TOO! HOW ABOUT MARRYING ME?



SHADY

HEY, SIS -
WAIT A
MINUTE!



WILL YOU LEND
ME SOME MONEY
TO BUY JANE A
NICE PRESENT
WITH?

YES - BUT IT'LL
BE COMING OUT
OF YOUR NEXT
ALLOWANCE



CHUCK BROT, LET'S GO
SHOPPING - WHAT
DO YOU THINK
SHE'D LIKE?



BOY ALL A FELLER
CAN GET A GIRL IS
FLOWERS, HANKIES
OR CANDY



- AND GEEZ! AS I LIKE
CANDY BEST, THAT'S ALL
IT! SHE'LL HAVE TO BE
JUST LIKE ME!



HEY
SNAP!

WHAT'D YA
WANT? I'M
IN A
HURRY!



DO A PAL A FAVOR
AND DELIVER THIS
BOX TO MY UNCLE
GEORGE AT THE
MUSEUM -



BE CAREFUL WITH
IT - IT'S A RARE THING
I FOUND IN OUR BACK
YARD AT HOME!

TO TAKE IT
UNWRAP!
BUT I HATE
ALL PAPERS



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT
IS - PROBABLY A FLOWER
OF SOME KIND, BUT IT
CAN WAIT 'TILL I
DELIVER THIS OTHER -



HELLO JANE!
I-I-I - I BROUGHT
YOU A CHRISTMAS
PRESENT, I -

WHY
SHADY -
DO COME
IN!



OH - HOW SWEET,
TWO OF THEM!

NO YOU
SEE - I-I -





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPYE

HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

HOLD THAT LINE!

FOOTIE LEAD IS ONLY 14 TO 18, COACH. AND THERE ARE NOT THREE MINUTES TO PLAY.

BUT WE CAN'T SCORE WITHOUT THE BALL, JAKE.





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

I MIGHT REMIND YOU YOUR PLAYING CALUMNET. THE BOYS WHO HOISTED THEIR SCHOOL COLORS TO THE TOP OF OUR ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—LET'S GO!

CARTER WILL KICK ONE.

CALUMNET WILL DEFEND THE SOUTH GOAL.

I'LL TAKE HIM!

MISS MINT!

AND LET ME NAIL HIM!

GETTING IN THE BALL ON HIS 10-YARD LINE, THE CALUMNET HALFBACK BARELY ROMBS HIS WAY TO THE 15-YARD STRIKE ZONE—HE IS HIT—AND HIT HARD—

THAT'S THE OL' WAY TO BRANK IN THERE, SHIELDS!

57-25-93-45—

CUT HIM DOWN, YOLF!

HAVE THAT HALFBACK COME THROUGH AND SEE ME SOMETIME—OH AL SAYS HERE!

SECOND DOWN—15 YARDS TO GO FOR CALUMNET!

CALUMNET'S GOING TO PUNT GAIL—THE SLAM OF YOUR NOSE IS BACKING UP TO MAKE THE CATCH!

WHEN THEY KICK THAT BALL TO NED BRANT, THE WORD FUMBLE DROPE RIGHT OUT OF THE DICTIONARY.

THERE'S THE PASS FROM CENTER—IT'S A FAKE PUNT—HE'S RUNNING WITH IT—PAST THE LINE OF SCUMMAGE—HE'S LOOSE—ONLY NED BRANT TO STOP HIM NOW!

THE GREAT CARTER CROWD SITS STUNNED AS NED BRANT MAKES A HURRICANE PITCHER ATTEMPT TO STOP THAT CALUMNET TOUCHDOWN—

THE BALL CARRIER STEPPED OUT OF BOUNDS ON CARTER'S FIVE-YARD LINE WHEN BRANT DROVE AT HIM—THE BALL GOES INTO PLAY THERE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

CLARENCE BULLOCK



CALUMET'S BALL—FIRST AND TEN ON ITS OWN 25-YARD LINE!

THESE GONN YOUR OLD BALL GONN, CARTER!

GONN ON, GITS! "REUSE" DO LATE



ONLY A MINUTE ON, BO TO PLAY, WITH CALUMET LEADING 7 TO 6—CALUMET PROBABLY WILL KICK DOWNFIELD OUT OF DANGER.



CALUMET IS STALLING! CARTER IS HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF THAT!

THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO WIN—THEY'RE JUST EMBARRASSING SLIGHTLY TO KEEP THE BALL!



THIRD DOWN—THEY'LL PUNT THIS TIME GONN!

LET'S GET IN THERE AND BLOCK THAT KICK!



THE CALUMET CENTER DECIDES A BAD PUNT—AS THE BALL RAILS OVER THE HIGHERS HEADS—SEVEN PLAYERS SLASH THROUGH CALUMET'S FORWARD WALL!



CARTER'S BALL! FIRST AND TEN ON CALUMET'S FIFTEEN!

CLARENCE BULLOCK: SPECTACULAR HE CAN KICK BACK! THEN THREE TIMES HIS LENGTH AND BOOTS CALUMET HOME TO THE BALL!



HEY, I TELL YOU THAT PLAY IS SO OLD IT HAS WHISKERS A YARD LONG!

I'M CALLING SIGNALS—BUD! IF WE HULL I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY NED!



KNOCK DOWN THAT PILE!

THESE GONN THIS GUN!

GONN'S NOT OVER TILL THE PLAY IS COMPLETED!



THAT'S THE OLD WAY TO RAMBLE, BUD—YOU'RE OVER!

AND THEY BEAT US WITH A PLAY THEY HAD TO CHANGE THE GUST FROM!

Big Joe didn't do the expected thing—kill Eric. He walked to the door, turned and said to Eric, "I'll be with you later, bub!" Then he was gone.

Eric said nothing. As he sipped his coffee, several planters edged over to him.

"You've made a bad enemy," one of them warned.

"Who is this Big Joe?" Eric asked. To which they could answer only what they knew—nothing. Eric nodded, and left after a few minutes. Big Joe would bear watching.

Eric got an outfit ready the next day, preparatory to setting forth on safari. He wanted to get some first hand information, if that were possible. There was one old Arab in particular that he wanted to pin down before going farther afield. There was just a chance that Ali Ben Dalani would know something.

The camp of the Arabs was



forty miles out across the veldt, hidden in a clump of date palms. Eric rode into it at five o'clock in the evening. Several native dogs set up a terrific yapping as he trotted into the compound.

Ali bowed to him and invited him to come in and partake of some sick coffee. Eric was cordial. He talked of everything but the purpose of his visit. Ali, he could see, was a slick one, and was hiding something. He kept watching the tent flap as if expecting something, or somebody. Then the expected happened. A heavily burrowed head poked into the tent and said something in Arabic. All Eric could see were the eyes. They were not an Arab's eyes. They were—Big Joe's!

So that was it! Eric left the camp without mentioning the subject of slavers. This was evidently

the headquarters of the runners. Old Ali was the kingpin.

Back in Capetown Eric reported his discovery to Hans, the magistrate. The latter was taken by surprise. Then he began putting two and two together. "Yes," he said at last. "Yes I see it now. Quite possible. It fits in with Big Joe's absence. . . . Well, what do you wish, Mr. Vale, in the way of equipment?"

Eric wanted nothing but a tough Arab pony and perhaps two good trackers, plenty of ammunition.

The next day he left the city at dawn. That night he skirted the Arab's camp, but kept a mile off. He was not interested in meeting old Ali tonight. Careful investigation that day had revealed the fact that there would be a big raid at midnight on a distant blacks' village. Eric wanted to be handy when it came off.

He and his trackers approached the camp to within a quarter-mile, then dismounted and went forward on foot. Eric ordered his men to trail him about a hundred yards back.

The palisade fence loomed suddenly ahead and he slowed his pace. The village slept peacefully. Suddenly there was a great shouting and fully fifty white-robed horsemen rode down on the village. Ali's men! Big Joe was easily distinguishable in the lead. He waved a huge scimitar and yelled with the best of the Arabs. They practically rode down the gate and thundered into the compound. Screams rose on the night. Eric shouted to his men but they had evidently become frightened and fled. He fired a shot into the air, then ran toward the gate.

A motley mob of blacks ran out past him and a few shots stabbed the darkness. Several Negroes fell, screaming. Eric waited. Then a line of blacks began emerging from the enclosure, all chained together. Slaves! Big Joe was doing it in a big way. There must have been two hundred in that gang, Eric thought. All prime blacks. They'd bring a good price in the northern markets.

Eric saw Ali and Big Joe gallop past, then came the rest of the Arab pack. In a moment they were gone. One thing he remembered: Big Joe and Ali had been using

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loud language as they rode past. Evidently someone was not satisfied with the cut.

Without his trackers, Eric set out in trail of the slavers. They left an easy track in the soft sand.

It was dawn when he came across a dead horse. There were big boot tracks leading away from it, toward the north. Such sized boots could only be worn by Big Joe. What, then, had happened? Had Ali and Lafferty quarreled? Had Ali shot Big Joe's horse from under him? Possible. And if so, the big ape wouldn't last long in the desert sfoot. Yet he had bragged that nothing was his match.

Eric found him two days later. He was lying on a low rise. His eyes were two holes in his skull. The flesh was gone from his face and hands. A black army swarmed over him, traveling from a hole in the sand mound under him. Big Joe had met his match. The jungle mistaking—devil ants!

QUOTE THE RAVEN
A FAST-MOVING ERIC VALE STORY
In the January Issue of
CRACK COMICS
ON SALE NOVEMBER 29th

SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

A LAW AGAINST CARRYING GUNS HAS BEEN PASSED IN PAPPY'S TOWN.



WIZARD WELLS

Miracle Man of Science

OLD
REMOTE
CONTROL

WIZARD WELLS, AGE
SCIENTIST HAS NOW
BECOME OUR AGE
DEFENDER OF LAW
AND ORDER
HE AND HIS PUNCH-
DRUNK HELPER, TUG,
USE SCIENCE AND
COURAGE TO FOIL
THE LAWLESS AND
PROTECT THE WEAK

LOOK AT THIS TUG! JASON
TERRELL THINKS SOMEONE
IS THREATENING HIM. LET'S
CALL ON THE OLD
FELLOW!

TERRELL? HE'S
THE RICH GUY
WHOSE ONLY
DAUGHTER WENT
ON THE STAGE!

AND—ONE HOUR LATER

HERE'S TERRELL'S
ESTATE!

TAKES LONG
ENOUGH TO
GET 'WAY OUT
HERE!

MR. TERRELL? I'M WIZARD
WELLS! YOU WROTE TO
ME?

YES, YES!
SIT DOWN!
IT'S ABOUT
MY DAUGHTER!

SHE'S BEEN THREATENING
TO KILL ME! HEADSTRONG
GIRL, BETTY! WENT ON
THE STAGE IN SPITE OF
ME! DIDN'T THINK
SHE'D TRY TO KILL
ME THOUGH!

EVERY NIGHT I HEAR HER
VOICE THREATENING ME!

WELL, I'LL SEE
WHAT I CAN DO
MR. TERRELL!

I'LL TALK TO YOUR DAUGHTER
FIRST! YOU WILL HEAR
FROM ME LATER! I'LL—

DOWN, TUG!

BANG! SEE WHAT I
MEAN, WELLS?

—TEN MINUTES LATER

WHOEVER FIRED THAT
SHOT GOT AWAY! GOOD
THING I SAW HIS HAND
REFLECTED IN THE DOOR!
THAT'S AN IDEA!

I'M STILL
SHAKIN'!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE
WHERE BETTY TERRELL STARS
IN A MELODRAMA—

TELL MISS TERRELL THAT
WIZARD WELLS WANTS
TO SEE HER!

SURE, MR.
WELLS!

A BULLET WHINES SAVAGELY

MR. WELLS, THAT'S JUST TOO RIDICULOUS! I FOUGHT WITH DAD ABOUT TAKING THIS PART IN REMOTE CONTROL BUT AS FOR THREATENING TO KILL HIM-THAT'S SILLY!

BUT, MISS TERRELL, HE HEARD YOUR VOICE!

HE DIDN'T HEAR MY VOICE! HE COULDN'T, BECAUSE I NEVER THREATENED HIM!

DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WOULD WANT YOUR FATHER OUT OF THE WAY?

A LOT OF BUSINESS ENEMIES AND MY 3 BROTHERS JOHN, RALPH AND CHARLES!

WHY YOUR BROTHERS MISS TERRELL?

BECAUSE THEY NEED THE MONEY! WE EACH INHERIT A QUARTER OF DAD'S FORTUNE-

I SEE! BY THE WAY, DID 'RECORD' REID COACH YOU FOR THIS PART?

YES, HE DID! WHY DO YOU ASK?

I MERELY WONDERED!

YOU SEE, YOUR FATHER HAS ASKED ME TO PROTECT HIM. I CAN'T TAKE HIS CASE NOW, BUT I WILL IN 2 DAYS!

THE NEXT MORNING-

THREE GUYS NAME OF TERRELL TO SEE YOU, WIZ!

AH, THE THREE BROTHERS! SEND THEM IN!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER-

BUT BETTY WILL KILL FATHER! I KNOW IT!

FURTHER TALK IS USELESS, GENTLEMEN

I WILL NOT TAKE YOUR FATHER'S CASE UNTIL TOMORROW!

THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS ABSURD, RALPH!

ABSURD NOTHING, CHARLES! WELLS GETS THE CASE TOMORROW!

WIZ, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT CASE NOW? CHARLES IS THE GUY, HE'S SCARED OF YOU.

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO THINK, TUG! AND I'M TAKING THE CASE NOW!

WE'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST**, TUG! SET THIS **MIKE** UP NEAR THE DOOR. WHILE I CONNECT THE SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER. YOU SEE, I WANT THE ATTEMPT TO **KILL TERRELL** TO BE MADE **TONIGHT!**



AND I WANT TO BE **READY** FOR IT! HERE, THIS LOUD-SPEAKER SHOULD DO THE JOB!



I'M ALL MIXED UP, WIZ!

NOW, BRING THAT PORTABLE TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER, AND GET MY CAR!



STOP AT THE HARDWARE STORE AND PICK UP SOME SUPPLIES I ORDERED!



OK, WIZ!

CAREFUL WITH THAT **BIG** ONE! IT'S A MIRROR!



WHAT FOR?

MR. TERRELL, WITH YOUR HELP WE MAY CATCH YOUR POTENTIAL KILLER **TONIGHT!**



IT'S ABOUT TIME!

TWO HOURS LATER

I GOT IT FIXED UP, WIZ!

IT'S YOUR IDEA, SILLY STUFF, BUT I'LL DO MY PART!



WIZ AND TUG RETURN TO THE PARKED CAR TO WAIT. LOOK AND LISTEN----



AND AT MIDNIGHT, WIZ HEARS A KNOCKING AT A DOOR IN HIS RADIO HEADSET----



KNOCK!

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S JOHN TERRELL, WELLS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



BACK AT WIZARD WELLS LABORATORY

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU

PLEASE GO AWAY! I CAN'T TAKE THE CASE UNTIL TOMORROW!







QUIET! HERE HE COMES!



WITH BETTY'S GLOVE AND PURSE NEAR THE BODY. MY SNOOTY SISTER'LL BURN FOR THIS!



I FANCY NOT JOHN TERRELL!

WELL!

THE LIGHTS BLAZE ON



MUCH AS I DISLIKE PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!

SOCK HIM AGAIN!



AS RALPH AND JOHN MEET

YOU AND YOUR SCHEMES JOHN! YOU PLANNED IT!

YOU DID THE SHOOTING!



YOU'LL BOTH GO TO JAIL! TO SAVE YOURSELF A BEATING NOW, JUST TELL WHERE YOUR SISTER IS HIDDEN!

I-TIED IN THE CELLAR!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS BETTY?

YES, AND SO IS FATHER! I'M SO GLAD!



HERE'S THE LOUDSPEAKER, HIDDEN IN YOUR BEDROOM. TUG IS AT THE RECORD PLAYER IN RALPH'S ROOM. LISTEN!

AND YOU WILL DIE IN AGONY!

LATER



BETTY'S VOICE!

MY LINES!

YES! FROM THE RECORD OF YOUR ROLE MADE FOR YOUR DRAMA COACH!



BUT I HEARD SHOTS!

YES, RALPH FIRED 3 TIMES! I'LL SHOW YOU WHY YOUR FATHER IS STILL ALIVE. COME TO THE LIBRARY



RALPH'S SHOTS BROKE THAT MIRROR! HE FIRED AT YOUR FATHER'S REFLECTION, WHILE YOUR DAD SAT SAFELY IN THAT ALCOVE!

YOU'RE A SMARTY, ALL RIGHT!



AND YOUR BROTHERS WERE TRICKED INTO THE ATTEMPT WHEN I TALKED WITH THEM VIA RADIO AND MADE THEM THINK I WAS OUT OF THEIR WAY, AT MY LABORATORY.

SO! SOLVED BY REMOTE CONTROL

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

DON'T HAVE THE FAMILY SILVER FALLING FROM YOUR SLEEVE AS YOUR HOST SAYS GOODBYE, OR YOU WILL NOT BE INVITED ANYWHERE!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST A HOLDUP MAN...

WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR HANDS, STRINGS IN LOWER MATCHES WHICH SETS OFF HARPOON GUN'S FIRING BOXING GLOVE TO AT HOLDUP MAN'S JAW. IF HE IS ALERT ENOUGH TO DUCK, HE WILL STICK HIS FACE INTO ETHER-SOAKED SPONGE 'E' AND FALL SLENTLY TO THE SIDEWALK...



LITTLE BUTCH



SCENE IN BARBERSHOP



YOUR BEST GIRL PASS-ES THE BARBER SHOP AND DISCOVERS YOUR SECRET!




GEE, CHET, WHAT A SWELL RUG!

THAT AIN'T A RUG-THAT'S MY ROOMMATE!



HEY, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FILM IN THE CAMERA!

BLAME IT ON WILBUR



THE TOWERING TREE REACHING STRAIGHT TO THE CLOUDS, STIRS THE AWE AND THE WONDER OF CURIOUS CROWDS



WHILE HERE IS A STUMP THAT IS BENT AND FORLORN - A BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE, AN OBJECT OF SCORN



BUT THE TOWERING TREE THAT WAS LOVED AND ADORED NOW IS ONLY A CHINAMAN'S IRONING BOARD...



YAH-YAH!

WHILE THE STUMP THAT WAS THOUGHT TO BE TERRIBLY CUNNY NOW'S A WEALTHY AND FAMOUS VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY...

THE CLOCK

3
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

AS THOUGH OUT OF THE PAST, COMES A MONSTER DIRECTED BY SINGLAND'S Czar, SPREADING FEAR AND DEATH, UNTIL THE CLOCK AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANT, "PUG" BRADY, MATCH WITS AND STRENGTH WITH THIS CREATURE.



A BOAT QUIETLY ENDS THROUGH THE WATERS OF LOWER NEW YORK BAY---



A MUFFLED COMMAND IS GIVEN AND THE BOAT HEADS TOWARD A DESERTED WHARF---



MEANWHILE IN THE HIDE-OUT OF SMOOD CADONE, DETHRONED Czar OF THE UNDERWORLD--



YEAH, HE WENT TO PICK UP SOMETHIN' FROM A BOAT!





HE'S COMIN' NOW!

YEAH, THAT'S HIS CAR!



HELLO, BOYS!

HELLO, SNOOP. YOU GET IT?



YES - AN' IN ONE MONTH IT WILL PUT ME BACK ON TOP OF ALL BACKETS!



WHAT IS IT - WHERE'D YA GET IT?

A FRIEND OF MINE FOUND IT IN MONGOLIA!



WELL, LET'S SEE IT, SNOOP?

SURE, BONG IT IN, JOE!



YEOWWW!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!



C'HERE, YOU GUYS - HE'S MADNESS UNLESS I WANT HIM TO BE OTHERWISE -



WHAT IS IT, SNOOP?

A FREAK OF NATURE - WITH THE NOSE OF AN ELEPHANT!



BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIM LIKE RUBBER BALLS -



AND HE HASN'T GOT A BRAIN CELL IN THAT THICK SKULL OF HIS -

WHAT'S HIS NAME?



HE HASN'T ANY, BUT BECAUSE HE IS PHYSICALLY SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING ALIVE, AND BECAUSE HE IS VOID OF ALL GRAY MATTER, WE'LL CALL HIM STUPORMAN!



AND
STUPORMAN
COMES FACE
TO FACE
WITH
SCALLIO,
KING OF
CRIMINALITY--



SNATCHING THE GUN FROM
THE CROOK'S HAND, THE BRUTE
CRUSHES IT LIKE AN EGG SHELL--



THE BROKEN BODY HURTTLES
TO THE PAVEMENT BELOW--



JUMPING FROM ROOF TO ROOF,
THE BIG THING RETURNS TO
ITS MASTER'S HIDE-OUT--



THE
NEXT
DAY

SCALLIO, UNDERWORLD CZAR,
DIES AT HANDS OF MONSTER MAN.
WITNESSES TELL STORY OF CREATURE
VANISHING OVER ROOF TOPS.
ALL TRACE OF MONSTER LOST.
POLICE BELIEVE MONSTER IS CONTROLLED
BY CIVIL GANG.



THE STARTLING
NEWS IS READ BY
BRIAN O'BRIEN,
ALIAS
THE CLOCK,
AND HIS
DOUBLE,
'BUG' BRADY.



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK
AND PUG ARE DRIVING
TOWARD HEADQUARTERS -

WHEN FATE BRINGS THEM
PAST THE BANK THAT WAS
ROBBED - -



THE CLOCK SEES A GUN
PROTRUDE FROM THE
ESCAPING CAR -

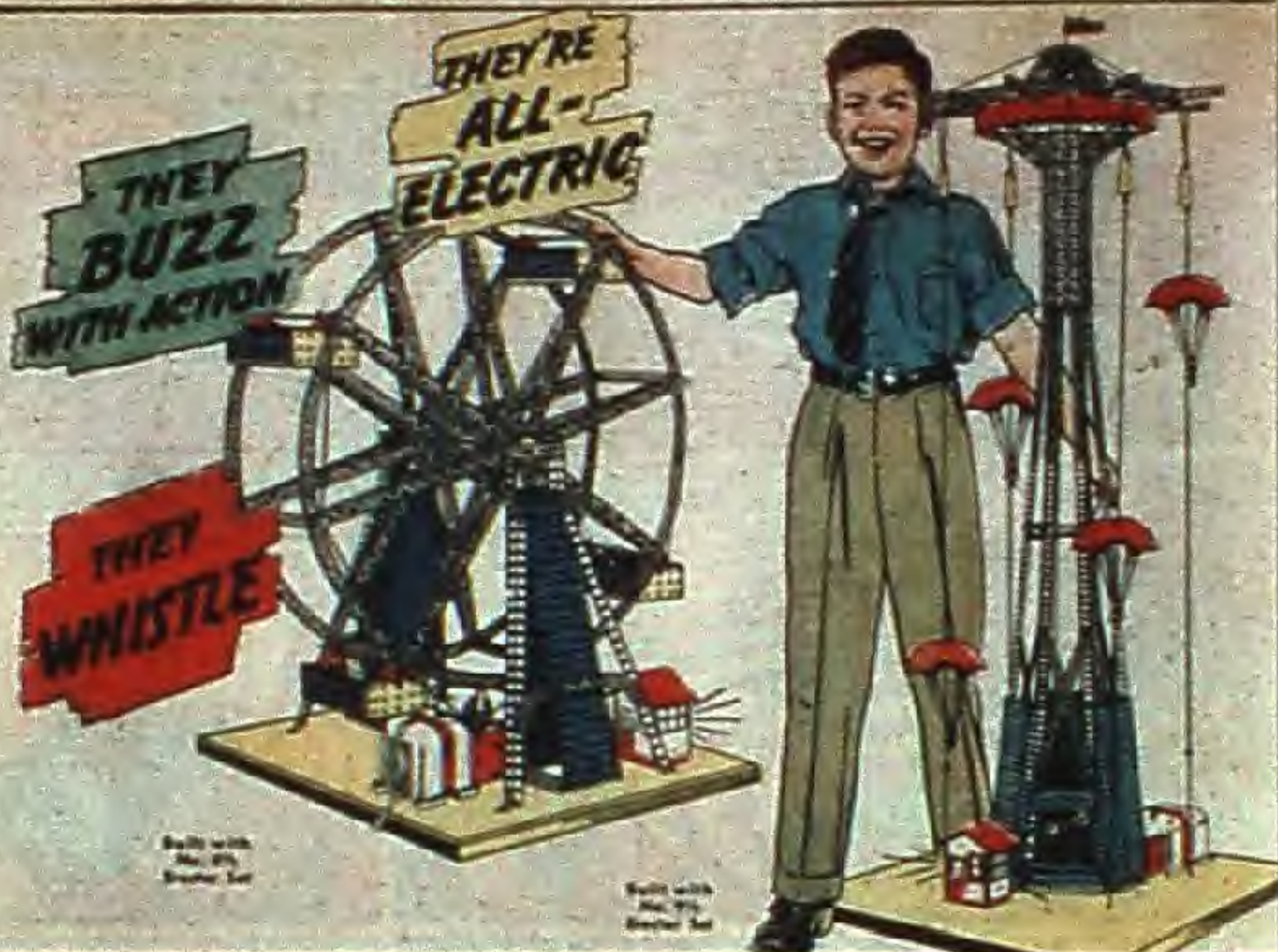
PUG SWINGS THE CROOK'S BODY
AROUND TO SERVE AS A
HUMAN SHIELD - -



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
CLOCK AND DUE ARE OUTSIDE
THE GANG LEADER'S DOOR—







BOYS! Look at that towering Erector parachute jump, with electrically illuminated top. You build it yourself. Piece by piece you fit the long gleaming girders together—attach the parachute rigging—and install the powerful Erector reversing electric engine. . . And now for thrilling action! Blow your whistle . . . throw your engine into gear and your parachutes are hoisted up and up until they strike the release mechanism. Then, like a flash, they plummet downward—unfold—and land softly to the ground.

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